

## SOCIALIST SINCLAIR WORKS AND WRITES A POEM IN JAIL

WILMINGTON, Del., August 2.—who worked on the stone pile and the clash of Upton Sinclair and nine who worked in the sweatshop. The latter were pale and ill, and their Single Tax colony at Arden, with the old Delaware blue laws was ended temporarily at three o'clock this afternoon, when Sinclair and the nine others marched out of the New Castle County Workhouse, after serving sentences of eighteen hours at hard labor for playing tennis on Sunday in the cases of nine of the prisoners and for selling ice cream on Sunday in the case of the tenth.

All of the prisoners agreed as they left the prison that their tilt with the blue laws was by no means concluded, and that they will give the old statutes such an advertising before they are through that Delaware will be very much ashamed before her sister states to confess that they are the books. Incidentally they vowed that there would never be another moment's peace in the village of Arden for the complainant in the case, George Brown, a philosophical anarchist, who invoked the blue laws against his companions because they would not let him discuss race suicide in their open forums when women of the colony were present.

Sinclair denounced Brown this afternoon as a man who has no single tax views and had no business in the colony. He said that with his anarchist ideas he came there merely because the living conditions were pleasant, under the very mild requirements of the ninety-nine-year lease, without interest, enjoyed through the bounty of the wealthy single taxer, Joseph Fels.

Through the eighteen hours he remained in durance vile the dominating thought in the mind of Sinclair was to obtain a shower bath and to eat a dish of ice cream. The shower bath he obtained at the conclusion of his term on the rock pile, which Warden Crawford, of the prison, kindly made one hour shorter than the term required of ordinary prisoners. The ice cream he secured an hour later, after he had taken a trolley into Wilmington. It was the first food he had eaten since being ordered to prison for refusal to pay the \$4 fine exacted of him by Magistrate Robertson.

Sinclair, refreshed by the ice cream, gave his impressions of prison life in terms that reeked of villanelles equal to any described in his "Jungle." He did not touch water in the prison for fear of the drinking cups. He could not eat the food because starch was the dominating ingredient, and there were no fresh vegetables. He could not sleep on the couch in his cell because he feared the blanket.

Writes a Poem on Experience. What he thought of it all, especially of the creatures whom he felt confident shared his cell with him, he set down in a poem written surreptitiously while he labored with hammer and chisel on the stones.

Once a man poked his fist through the boards in the stockade where Sinclair was breaking stone and called out, "Here, Upton, I've come to tell you I'm with you. I'm Mayor Alex. Ervin, of Arden, and all the people are with you."

But a guard with a shotgun sniped the visitor from without and, leveling the gun at him, told him to retreat quickly or take the consequences. Warden Crawford caught sight of him and had him taken into the main office, where he was kept until the party had served its time. All other visitors to the prison were similarly kept under observation.

About fifty of Sinclair's fellow prisoners were negroes. He found that not all of them worked on the stone pile, which he thought was an invigorating place to work, but that many were kept in a dismal sweatshop conducted by a firm of New York cloth merchants under the most villainous conditions.

In the courtyard Sinclair found the whipping post, a set of locks and a partially dismantled gallows, which could be set up on a moment's notice. The whipping post was used only a short time ago, Sinclair learned, and the gallows was used for the hanging of a negro last week. The stocks, however, were merely a relic of former days.

"And this is our America," Sinclair said, in a frenzy of resentment. "A sweatshop in prison, a whipping post, consisting of two iron rings, to hold a man while his back was blistered, and the stocks, from which Delaware has hardly graduated. I never knew about the old blue laws, but if I am to go to prison because I play tennis on Sunday I want all the others that play tennis on Sunday to be jailed. I want the judges in this country who play golf to feel the blue laws keen edge. Sinclair was Fred Steinlin, charged 'In that prison you could easily tell with selling ice cream on Sunday; who worked on the stone pile and the clash of Upton Sinclair and nine who worked in the sweatshop. The latter were pale and ill, and their Single Tax colony at Arden, with the old Delaware blue laws was ended temporarily at three o'clock this afternoon, when Sinclair and the nine others marched out of the New Castle County Workhouse, after serving sentences of eighteen hours at hard labor for playing tennis on Sunday in the cases of nine of the prisoners and for selling ice cream on Sunday in the case of the tenth."

Professor J. H. Garrod, of the Northeast Manual Training School, Philadelphia; Harold Ware, Fred Windle, Don Stevens, Chester Lightbown, Alexander Dublin and Berkly Tohy. All but Steinlin were found guilty of playing tennis on Sunday.

### THE CROOKED PATH.

"One day through the primeval wood,  
A calf walked home, as good calves  
should,  
But made a trail all bent askew.  
A crooked trail as all calves do."

Since then two hundred years have fled,  
And I infer the calf is dead.  
But still he left behind his trail,  
And thereby hangs my moral tale.

The trail was taken up next day  
By a lone dog that passed that way;  
And then a winged bell-weather whom  
Pursued the trail over vale and steep,  
And drew the flock behind him too,  
As good bell-weather always do.

And from that day over hill and glade  
Through those old woods a path was  
made:  
And many men wound in and out,  
And dodged and turned and bent about  
And uttered words of righteous wrath  
Because 'twas such a crooked path.

But still they followed—do not laugh—  
The best migrations of that calf.  
And through this winding woodway  
The crooked path of that calf.

Because he wobbled when he walked,  
This forest path became a lane.  
That bent and turned and turned  
again:

This crooked lane became a road,  
Where many a poor horse with his load  
Trotted on beneath the burning sun,  
And traveled some three miles in one.  
And thus, a century and a half  
They trod in the footsteps of that calf.

The years passed on in swift feet:  
The road became a village street;  
And this before they were aware,  
A city crowded thoroughfare;  
And soon the central street was this  
Of a renowned metropolis.

And men two centuries and a half  
Trod in the footsteps of that calf.  
Each day a hundred thousand rout  
Followed the zigzag calf about:  
And over his crooked journey went  
The traffic of a continent.

A hundred thousand men were led  
By one calf bent three centuries dead.  
They followed still his crooked way,  
And lost one hundred years a day:  
For such reverence is lent  
To well-established precedent.

A moral lesson this might teach,  
Were I ordained and called to preach;  
For men are prone to go it blind  
Along the crooked paths of the mind,  
And work away from sun to sun  
To do what other men have done.

They followed in the beaten track;  
And in and out, and forth, and back,  
And still their devious course pursue,  
To keep the path that others do.

But how the wise old wood gods laugh,  
Who saw the first primeval calf!  
All many things this tale might teach,  
But I am not ordained to preach."

### A SMALL ACHIEVEMENT.

It was in an ideal seacoast town of Maine, to which they had fled for a lazy two weeks, that they found him, one of those "natives" with a large stock of undeveloped wit.

They were out gunning one day, with the "native" as their guide. A flock of five birds flew over. Raising his gun, he took aim and fired. All

five fell to the earth, and they were temptuously. "If I'd had my other gun along I'd a done better than that." "That ain't nothin'," said he, con- Metropolitan Magazine.

### THE WORKER MUST BE WELL

In these days of sharp competition everyone who works should be keyed up to the highest pitch of efficiency. The rewards of business life go to the clearest thinkers, to the men and women who know and do things better than other people.

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